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By the Author of "Quatrefoil." "St. Briavels," Etc.

I must try to remember the beginning of the story I have to tell—the most strange, in comprehensibe, and I may add, and experi-ence of my life. But it has nothing to do with my personal history; I have been merely a looker on, while things beyond all under-standing have passed before me. To fix the point from which a take has been

To fix the point from which a tale has been gradually drawn out is not easy, but in my own mind I go back for the earliest dawn of poor Agatha Broome's tragedy to one autumn evening at Brighton, years ago.

I had been enjoying a superb sunset on the cilff when she came suddenly up to me. My husband met me afterwards, and I remember maying, "The Broomes are here. Agatha saw me and jumped out of the carriage I never knew her so bright, but you know I always think her an odd, volcanic girl."

Of course Tom smilled incredulously and said be had never found anything in the least unusual about the girl, who was some sort of

unusual about the girl, who was some sort of cousin of his. "She was not original, not in the least clever—only a sweet tempered, help-less young female, who would be a great drag upon a poor man if she happened to make a bad match."

"The sweet temper," I observed, "is a fact, yet it is delusive, it is the vintage upon the quiescent crater. Look at her coloring."
"Well, it is a bit of the red chestnut," Tom replied, assentingly.
"We shall see; I think she is in love," I

He was interested, and wished to know the name of the favored man, but I could not tell um that, neither could I give distinct reasons for my sudden conviction.

The following day was very wet and stormy. I had not thought of going out, er did I expect any visitors; neverthe less, just as it was growing dusk in came Agatha Broome, her very tall, slight figure wrapped in furs, her cheeks aglow, her bright air ruffled by the wind.

She was a very thin, lithe creature, but had she grown stout as years went on she would have been a big, imposing woman, for ber bones were not small. She had a round face, full lips, red brown eyes, and an anti-classical nose. She was not in the least beautiful; even her rich, abundant wavy hair was too vividly red to be the right thing. I had always found her pleasant, believed in there being much good in her, and would have trusted her. No small praise, I think. Whether she meant to confess or not I do ot know, but in the firelight, with the rain

and the wind beating outside, she became stal in her talk, and then in slipped a unme I knew well—Capt. Haringfield.

So far as I had beard of this young man be was a good choice for her to have made and from what she said he seemed to be as wildly in love with her, as I easily discovered be to be with him. Their acquaintance had been a short one, but in my experience it does not take so long to run up a love drama in real life as it took Coleridge to write

Tom thought I was wonderfully clever to have found out that Agatha was in love in the space of twenty minutes, before she had told me a word about it; he was also glad to hear that Capt Haringfield was the man. She had not bound me over not to tell, and appeal to any married woman whether the temptation to do so was not too great to be

gaths was wild to get back to town, and I had no difficulty in guessing her reason; but one Sunday Capt. Haringfield turned up at Brighton with some friends, and she had an bour's walk with him on the cliff-an bour party. I could not leave her to walk alone with him. She was a silent girl, and spoke iess than usual on this occasion, but he was a good tuker, although self conscious, for which I forgave him, hoping that it was the result of his feelings with regard to Agatha, who positively looked handsoms, with a lu-

and women, and I enlarged upon Capt. Har-ingfield when we were alone. He was what many people call a very handsome man. I describe him. Agatha would not have looked at Apollo or Antinous by his side. With all this be was a man of intellect, and belonged to the scientific soldier class of today. However, in my experience of him he was poetic, seutimental and melancholy, and I wondered if he imagined himself understood by Agathe, who had not a grain of intellect. Further acquaintance explained the mat-ter. He was a very vain man, and the incense of flattery intoxicated him. No flat tery can be so unbounded and so flattering

He did not go back to town with his friends; the fascination of Agatha's company was too attractive to him. A running fire of telegrams was kept up, and he st pped on to the very last hour possible. Agatha walked secure in the seventh heavens. Her father was a rich, money loving man; his particular position is no matter. Capt. Haringfield had to make his way, and must probably go abroad. Here, therefore, I foresaw diffi cuities in the way of the couple, and I was not surprised that Capt. Haringfield had left without making Agatha an offer of that cut and dried description which law would regard as a binding thing. Lore in growth the fond decelt, whereby men the

perfect greet.
Agatha intoxicated herself with this drug, taken in its strongest form, for the period of Capt. Haringfield's stay. Her indolent mother, whom moreover I always suspected of a mild bee in her bonnet, had not the least bles how many surset and mosnlight strolls the two took together. Whenever I came home from a friend's house just in time for dinner I saw them somewhere, or Tom stum bled across them as he took his after dinner eigar. I can only describe Agatha's condition, when her lover had departed, as one of collapse. For sleep and food she substituted dreams of him. She grew thin in a few days, the became monosyllabic to the last degree except when speaking of him, and she cam beart. Tom remarked that she had "taken it very badly," and we both felt very sorry for the girl. She baunted the house door at post time, falling upon the letter that arrived after a few days like a starving animal upon a morsel of food, and nearly fainting with disappointment when the post passed empty of what she craved after.

Tom was a little bit gloomy about it. His opinion was that if Capt. Haringfield meant it he would have declared himself before be left, but I should have thought so badly of the man if I had dishelieved in the truth of his attachment that I took quite another view. I was sure that is was to love, I was sure he was a usus of at least ordinary hor Agatha returned to town, but Capt. Har inglicki was with his battalion of the Royal agineers—not in London. Shortly after we also went back, and Aga

the called.

Bome casual visitor was with me, and I fair reter than any Agatha's impatience to get rid of her. The door was scarcely closed upon her retreat when the girl rose and came close to the fire and nearer to me, toming as she did so a letter into my lap. "Read it, Rachel," she said, with a possionate shake in her voice. "What do you think—what does it mean! He said he was coming back next week, and now—now—you see—he is going

"Of course be said be was coming back be-fore he got the invitation," I answered, with genuine wonder (for I had been married genuine wonder (for I had been married some years) that she should not take it for granted that a man would jump at any chance of sport.

"He might have come, if it was only for a

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-so," see muttered. "But he is such a good shot-of course they want him. Perhaps he will only stop a few days."
"It is sure not to be a few months at any rate," I said consolingly.
I sent her away finally a little cheered and

I told Tom that there was something m than an understanding between the two. It amounted to a private engagement, I thought; and yet, perhaps, not quite that. "If Agatha isn't a fool-she'll drop the man," Tom said. He was at times cententious, and

then I knew that argument was thrown away It was the end of January before Capt. field came to town. Agatha's appear ance and nerves had both suffered by that -that is to say, the brilliancy of her first youth was dimmed; but in my eyes her face had gained by additional expres-

The passive expression-there was no active expression but a rare smile—had been almost suiten. It was now sad expectant, han it had been.

It was partly my native philanthropy and partly a burning desire to see what would come of it, that made me invite Capt, Haringfield to dinner as soon as I heard of

Agatha was the first to appear of my eight roots. Her dress, poor child, was a little bit



guests.

picture to look at. She was fond of heavy, erials, and they suited her. Capt. Haringfield was the very last of the rrivals, and I had barely time as I handed Agatha over to him to take down to diene to make mental notes upon his behavior. However, I saw a flash of pleasure in his eyes and reflex joy in Agatha's, so I left them with my blessing and inward satisfaction I am sure that Agatha's dinner consist of two spoonsful of soup and a nibble of iced pudding, yet all her color came back and her eyes gave out light. Her cor panion had a great deal to say to her, and when she wished me good night her squeeze of my hand told

"Well," said Tom a day or two after, "are "Not yet," I answered; "but it must be "Oh," commented Tom, "Agatha is a fool

if she don't drop that man." I really felt quite disturbed. There was something terrible, I thought, something repulsive in a woman giving this unmeasured love to a man. Here Tom did not agree with me; he suggested that women were just as much buman beings as mon. I red this, and feit there was something in it. All the same, there are morbid exhi itions of emotion in man and woman which are not the outcome of sound natures. One day I asked Agatha if she considered herself engaged to Capt. Haringfield. This was two months, now and then writing to her.

"He is just the same, but he knows papa's fancies, and he fears he may be orred to some bad climate. How horrible if se should be sent on active service. I should die if he went to Africa." "Don't talk nonsense, Agatha. You are just at the mercy of your nerves now because you eat nothing, was my grossly practical answer. But I knew that the body nust infallibly knock under when the mys

Before heaven, I am," she exclaimed,

terious lord of it, the mind, is racked and "Do men know how women suffer?" I asked

he replied gruffly. Then, after a pause, he resumed: "There's only one thing for it; we will go abroad, anywhere you please, and kind of him, but unbappily Agatha refused

to go. She had had few letters from Capt. Hargfield during his last absence, and the last of them announced that he was going yachting with a friend.

Of course I never saw Agatha's letters to

him. I often wondered what they could be. They could not have been clever or amusing; they must have been passionate in some way, perhaps the way of temper. I hoped this rather than devotion. But I know now that the poor girl cast herself pittfully at his feet afterward-too late-ah too late for both He had after all a heart, and though it seems when necessary, he would have been touched Quite accidentally I heard that a girl I had Winsley, was also yachting with those friends of his, and in a flash of intuition, proceeding very likely from my recollection of that most charming and clever child, my boart mak and bled for poor Agatha. She heard nothing of a young lady on board until one day ther was an account in the papers of a frightful storm in which this yacht had goes through several hours of extreme peril, but at length had happily gained one of the southern ports damaged, but in safety. Agatha road this, panting and deadly

white. Suddenly she looked me in the face with a white set look painful to witness. "Who is Miss Winsley?" she asked. I told her briefly, and she said no more any reticence, and it was a bad sign. It was

hot soil of her heart. What had happened I never knew till long after, but I must teil it here. Calista Winsley was not one of those surprising beauties who slay with a glance, but there was a charm in face, voice and manner that would re main a charm long after paint, powder and dye had been ineffectually resorted to by those beauties in their hand to hand struggie with

Pleased, attracted even at first sight before many days of close companionship, Capt. Haringfield had gone far into the deeps of a very different sort of love from that inspired

by poor Agatha.

Nothing might have come of it even then,
but that that fatal storm revealed the two to
one another, as moments of danger will do.

They I cannot blame the man very greatly. They really thought their last hour had come, and as they were to die together, why not sweeten the bitter bour by the uplifting joy of acknowledging what they had be tated; heaven keep our sea walls sound, be-cause no one knows when the hurricane is at hand. Miss Winsley's ignorance of his tie of honor had helped, of course, to undermine his bulwarks. He landed in England, then, hemned is honor to come and it has

of this engagement was not long in coming

to her.

I never saw—I hope I may never see again
—a creature so wildly distraught, so mad
against suffering as she was, when she ran in
to me, haggard and death pale, to tell me,
and to wreach from me an assurance that t could not be true.

She must have written a mad letter to him. for she wrote it at the dead of night, in spite of my prayers, and posted it berself by day-break.

answering it by return of post than for any-thing else he had done, for whereas the rest was the outcome of the weakness of human ature, this, to me who saw Agatha dying by inches in that suspense, seemed absolute cruelty. And yet no doubt it was the bitterest moment of a life above the average in sdom from stain, when Capt. Haringfield finally wrote and dispatched a missive which left a brand upon his self esteem forever. If only-if only is had befallen one of the nany girls who can turn from one man to mother, if only she had been strong or shalow, or anything but what she was, a creatare born to the sad inheritance of unced passion, tainted blood, powerless

She fainted dead away when she had read the letter, then she set her will to sullen pur-pose, put all the money she had into her surse, and walking out of the house as though to pay a call near at hand, got into a cmb and had herself couveyed to Victoria Station. She actually found her way to the town in which Capt. Haringfield was quartered, and sent from a botel to desire him to come and

me her there.

A telegram from him was the first thing I heard of it. He sent it in her name: "Come to me at once, I entreat."

It was the best thing be could have done

under the circumstances, for it covered the fatal step she had taken. I sent Tom to her ather, and took the next train from Vie oria, arriving somewhere about midnight. Capt. Haringfield met me at the station i a distracted condition. He heaped another mas upon his own head. He was no longer cyuical or sentimental, but just a man over whelmed with remorse and self represch with the horr ble consciousness that he must do cruel wrong to one of two women, both f whom loved him devotedly, though after different fashions. It must take an extraor-dinary degree of vanity, I hope, to reconcile

a man to such a situation. It was beyond words; my lips were sealed. All I could say was to give it as my solemn sion that by some means or other he must leave England. When Agatha had ceased raving she was

more dead than alive. I took her home next day to my house, and her family never knew

that she had been anywhere but there

after Tom and I took her abroad, and I shall never forget what we went through.

Capt. Haringfield went to join the troops in South Africa. I did not expect Agatha to recover quickly, but I had seen such mitiglactory recoveries—not but what scars are left behind for life, generally, showing in some new turn of disposition— that I was hopeful. I had no idea of the concentrative power of a nature like hers. She brooded day and night. The wound was as fresh at the end of six weeks as at the beginning. No change of scene, no society, made any difference. But she seemed to have learned to live—at least so I thought until I took her back home. No. she had not learned to live-her constitution was not one that could endure such a wrench She became a ghastly spectacle of thinness and pallor. This lasted for two or three

place inventions, the daily papers, give me a creepy feeling approaching to awe when I take them up! I dare say it dates from that

was without a name, but "it was enough-it She cared to have no one but me with her, so for the last ten days I mever left her, and all her talk, amid her weakness, was of him. I could not help thinking that her story might have been made into a tragic poetic drama, for she was just what modern women in general are not, modern life does not admit of it. She was her love. Before she loved she was asleep, afterward she had no life but in that concentrated form...othing distracted her, "s mortal being besides the one was anything but a vision to her. She was the only instance I ever knew of entire singleness of aim. All else was wept into the whirlpool of passion, or ex

ted not for her. I believe I expected her to be tender when she was dying, but I was mistaken. There was no tenderness, not the slightest. She had been hideously, horribly wronged and Not that wonderfully vivid "Helen" of

coetti's with her waxen image could have seen more fixed and unrelenting toward her "There is but one way in which I can b avenged," she gasped out in her failing voice.
"He may think that because he has killed ne he is safe from me, but I will come back." Here the voice sank to a sort of low him

Rachel, I will come back -I swear it -come back to wear his life out. That is why I am content to die. Great heavens, how it chilled my blood to bear her. How the dusky light seemed to swell out into gray eternities upon whose vast wings spirits were affont. It was not the word of a human being, it was a thrill-

ing whisper from the other side of the grave. o was not wandering. 'Agatha, dear," I whispered as well as my tightening throat allowed, "at least try to furgive him before you go. He has wronged ou cruelly, but so much the more forgive."

She lifted herself on her pillow with more trougth than she had shown for at least a week. Her great hollow eyes turned upon me filled with sullen fire. With an effort size

mid distinctly: "I cannot forgive cruelty like that. I can not either in this world or the next; I will so that to the last day of his life he may be dahed. As he blighted and destroyed so will I blight and destroy. "Hush, hush, my poor child?"
"As he did so will I," she went on, regard

less of my interruption. "As I suffered be shall suffer. God is just. I will come back." Her head with all its weight of ruddy gold fell back, her eyelids closed darkly, her hollow cheeks looked more bollow-a moan-a gasp—and before any one else could come she lay dead in my arms. Shall I ever forget it! Died for love. The idea perhaps is poetic; the reality is grim, miserable, an irony upon this life of ours. But wherein is the wrong. and how can it be put right? She died be-cause she had a frail constitution, but she died of love. Other women live on, but the

spring of life is broken in them. Tom made one comment: "I should like to shoot the man," he mid reflectively. However, nobody shot or otherwise molested Capt. Haringfield, and a little while after I hanced to bear that he was extremely happy

with his charming wife. He was, moreover, fortunate enough to get a very good appointment in London. I met the couple soon after, found that Calista had a lively and affectionate remembrance of me, and was so touched by her old charm that I called—having resolved that I would not! In fact it would have been a matter of ome difficulty to avoid calling, so Tom and I compromised matters by resolving never to accept an invitation of theirs, or to ask them except on formal occasions to our house. So the most poignantly felt griefs of "other people" are blown away by breezes of expediency, forgetfulness or consideration for

Capt. Haringfield had been a faithless lover, but he made a perfect husband. He and Calista were as much wrapped up in one another as two people have any right to be. They preferred one anothers company to any other, which means a similarity in tastes, and congeniality of ideas that some-bow is more often missed than found in

She was the sweetest of women; beautiful with a beauty that neither creates jealousy nor asks for admiration. She carried with nor asks for admiration. She carried with her the golden charm of a warm true nature, a happy disposition, a delicate care for others. She maste one think that one would be very glad to have her nature.

I need scarcely observe that Maj. Haring-field, as he was now, was the kind of a man to be greatly influenced by his wife. It is

again, and so I watched with some reflections upon the waste in life, and saw what a per-fect culminating blossom their love was becoming. Just what married love is intende

I have now come to the extraordinary part of my story. I wonder how many will believe it; some will, I know.

It was very hot in London, and the Haringfields resolved to run down to Brighton a couple of days for a breath of sea air, also to see an old aunt whom they made a point of seeing now and then. Having nieces myself who I trust may take pleasure in visiting me when I am an old lady, I must here remark that I thought it a very pleas-ing trait in their characters. However, this

was the beginning of it.

A splendid moonlight night tempted Maj Haringfield to stroll out, leaving Calista to keep the old aunt company. The grand ex-panse of sea front never looks finer than unler a brilliant moon. The tall hourse wreathed and softly blotted by darkness, that might be palaces, the long drawn lines of lamps dotting shining beads as far as eye can reach, the mighty rear, or running waisper of the waves are all parts of its great at

tractioness.

Maj Haringfield selected a bench on the
Hove esplanade nearest the sea, and sat there appliy with his cigar. But as he mused the power of association

dentically working made him stand in spirit by a lonely grave in a far away hurchyard. The moon saw it, as it saw him, the wet dews lay upon it, the silence of night and of death was over it. Oh, not "to bring back," but to bury -to do away with some of those days that are past, when on this very spot he had done his best to rivet to him the beart of a woman, when he had eagerly drunk in the sweet draught of her

A begyr sigh broke from him. At this instant a light cold breeze passed over him, and also at the same instant he was aware that some one was sitting on the same seat with him. A tall, slight woman had quistly eated herself, and was gazing out to sea

with her head turned away from him.

Half thinking he would move away, a natural feeling of curiosity arrested him. The woman did not wish to attract his notice, that was evident; she was neither bold nor a beggar, nor likely to offer him a tract. She sat perfectly still, wrapped in bands me garmen's. She was young by her figure and the thick knot of hair that appeared under a quite girlish hat. That hair-yes, it was ruddy, even in the moonlight, but not no not quite poor Agatha's red gold. He looked away. A man he knew passed by, lifted his bat, then glanced back at the other occupant of the bench.

gan to trouble Maj. Haringfield; be could not resist his impulse to look again—to watch her. He did not know the exact momen when a dreadful impression stole upon him. That outline was so very familiar. When the figure slowly turned its face towards him be knew what he should see, and stared with cold a ope upon his brow into the wasted face, the sunken blue eves of Agatha Broome He bounded from the seat, his voice chokes over a broken exclamation, and -he was

"Are you not well, darling?" This was his wife's greeting to him. "Oh, quite well, quite well," he had an I received him coolly; I was not particu-But as he kissed her the subtle sympathy between them told her that all wa duct all along appeared to me most des



A tall, slight woman had quietly seated

herself. The next day they met the man who had essed by Maj. Haringfield on the cliff. "Ah, I saw you both last night," he began, in the voluble fashion of a man who makes a great deal out of a very little. "Yes, quite right, quite right; enjoying the moonlight, breathing in the sea air. I hope you did not catch cold, Mrs. Haringfield."

"I was not there; my husband took a moonlight stroll," replied Calista, smilingly. "Oh, by the way, no, no. Of course I thought it was you, the face was in shadow; at least I mean the moon was shining full on Maj Haringfield's face. That was all, you know. No, no. To be sure, my first impres sion, you know; stupid thing how one forgets, Charming morning, Going back to

glance at her husband's face checked her. She had never seen him look angry, and she saw now an expression of bitter anger, and at the fame time-what! Just what might e espected if he had suddenly been confronted with some sight terrible and dreadful n the extreme. "What a fool the fellow is: I always thought him the greatest fool I know," ex-claimed Haringfield. Then, trying to re-cover himself, be laughed awkardly.

Calista was much inclined to laugh.

Calista was a wise woman. "If anything did occur that he does not mean to tell me it is because he cannot, in honor, for some reason," she said to berself. "Of course, it They went home and he soon became him-As he could not leave London at present for more than a few days at a time, they next went to Folkestone, and Calista found

great amusement in sitting out on the Lees

watching the motiey crowd and listening to "There is something a little bit weird in this crowd of people in the darkness, 'she said brightly. "You hear sentences floating at large on the air and cannot trace them t the speakers. Only those gifted beings who collect money for the chairs and the band have the almormal faculty of recognizing every one at a glance. They make n by the way, I want you to look at some one she is an odd looking woman, or rather girl, quite alone. She has passed by two or three times, walking swiftly, and now she is aitting near you-don't book too soon—and no one has gone to her for pence." Haringfield gradually brought his eyes to

the point indicated by his wife. "See-tall, red haired, handsomely dressed." He started from his seat, catching his breath in his violent start. "Hore, too!" Calista fancied b ed, but the words were half smothered. He stared fixelly at the woman. The were once again looking into his "Come away," he said abruptly; "It is get-

Calista rose promptly, but she was still watching the lonely figure, and saw that the girl also left her seat and walked swiftly and quietly on to the path; threading her way skillfully through the promensders, she went before them for some yards, and then the darkness swallowed her up.
"I could have declared," said Calista

"that sie disappeared over the cliff, floated over, regardless of the railing. There is cer-tainly something weird in it all." Haringfield muttered an mandible response

and Calista was aware that a strange gloom had fallen upon him., Drop by drop collecting, a rivulet is soon formed. Calista could not close her eyes to the fact that some un-known factor had entered into her bushand's with you, have you not?" the lady went of

with you, have you not? the lady seem of, to say. "So thresome for you not to be able to go about with be? She must be a good walker. I met her with Maj. Haringdald out at Sandgate; I was driving."

"I am glad he had a companion," returned Callsta; "he dislikes solitary walks; but I have no one staying with me. He must have joined one of our friends; we have several here. What was she like?"

"Very tall and slight, hardeness is described."

"Very tail and slight, handsomely dressed, with remarkably bright red gold hair and a plain face, so pale and haggard."

Calista did not say that this description applied to no friend of hers, but she thought

appared to no friend of hers, but she thought over the coincidence of the resemblance to that figure on the Lees, and when her husband, in answer to her question, said that he had had no companion in his walks she was a little, just a little, disturbed.

In London again. And now Haringfield hoped and believed that he was and from the extraordinary visitation, that he would have unbesitatingly out down to would have unbesitatingly out down. have unbesitatingly put down to trouble conscience, optical defusion, and so of if had not been witnessed by many eyes beides

his own.

One night he went to the St. James theatre without Calista, and there happened to be a vacant seat next his. So far as he was aware it remained vacant through the per-formance, in which he was so much interested that he scarcely looked about him to see who was in the house. In coming away be exchanged nods with various friends and something peculiar in their looks, one and all, struck bim. In the crowded entrance hall be was pinned in just behind a man he knew and his wife. The wife, a tiny woman,

whose inquisitive nose seemed to have sharpened upon the anvil of curiosity, was saying, in her shrill voice: "Such an odd looking woman, so ghastly pale and thin, with that excessively orange hair that it was no use calling gold. And her dress! It would have been very handsome for three years ago, but in a style quite gone out. He did not talk much to her, but she was staring all the time at him in a manner I consider quite disgraceful. With his pretty, popular wife, too: I had no idea that Maj. Haring-field would be the man to carry on an out-

rageous firtation like that." "Did I not catch my own name?" asked he subject of discussion, looking her straight in the face with a look that said: "I heard every word,"

"Ob, well, since you did hear, do tell me the name of the very striking woman sitting next you, Maj. Haringfield?" "On one side of me there was some man, I do not know who. On the other there was

a vacant stall," be answered firmly. Oh, now, really, what a goose you must think me. She was really so very conspicu-ous that"— Here the little lady was bustled away to ber carriage, and a meaning nod over her shoulder ended the sentence. Haringfield walked away with white lips. Before many days all of London to whom Maj Haringfield was known knew that be had been seen at the theatre, in the park, at tusk in Pall Mall, also on the embankment and on the underground railway with a tall, ichly dressed girl, pale faced, red bairedalways the same one. It surprised a good many people; no one knew who or what the girl was. She was gount and in bad bealth,

se did not appear attractive, she had never leen seen to speak.
It was whispered, to make more of a story, that she had been seen with him both at Folkestone and Brighton.

Maj. Haringfield, whose wife was popular, vas under a cloud. I was surprised by a note from Maj. Har-She sat there motionless; her stillness togfield one day, requesting for a private for rview. Surprised, however, is scarcely the right term. Some of these strange s had reached my ears, and I was filled with indignation against the husband of my dear Calista. Already this ungrateful monster of fickleness had been attracted from her by some unworthy object, who had doubtless flattered that old vanity of his; and I was the more disgusted by the resemblance this new flame seemed to bear to the girl who had died of a broken beart for his sake. that was really, after all, his taste why did se forsake her?" I asked myself.

> He came in looking barnssed and haggard. "I ought to apologize for troubling you," he began with a gloomy air, "but I can bear it no longer, and in you alone in the world can I dare confide." I looked at him in imable surpris

ly ready to receive him at all. His con-

"Yes, you alone, for you know all," he re-umed; "the whole miserable story." "To what story do you refer, Maj. Haring-field?" I asked. I could not say to "which" Bending his head, in which I saw gray hairs coming, he answered: "There is but one whatever you may have heard.

she—she comes back." How cold I became all of a sudden. Her mst words, "I will come back," bissed again "You have heard that I am seen constantly with some woman, you must have. The last time was in my office, a man from the Horse Guards came in. I swear to you as solemnly

as a man can swear that it is Agatha and no other that so—haunts me. Yes, I am a hunnted man, and if it were not for Calista rish I were a dead one." I was silent; facing such an announcement is that, what could I say! For this was no hallucination, there was a crowd of witnesses to establish the fact, while yet that fact belonged to some sphere quite outside and be-youd human knowledge.

field," I said at length. "Have you told your "How could I! She never heard of Agatha. Perhaps I should have made a clean branst of -before she consented to marry an unworthy brute, but it is too late now

My answer was given by the face of the

"This is a very awful thing, Maj. Haring-

man. It quivered with fear born of vanity, pride, love. He dreaded inexpressibly any loss of her good opinion. "Can such things be? I ejaculated.
"Who can say what can or cannot be?" he replied. "We know only that we do not

know. Only through a chink in the wall here and there do we even find out that the wal "We die like the dogs-well and good-then what is the meaning of all by which we lived But we do not; then there is a life behind the veil even more closely hid from us than our life bere. Well, we know nothing about it, o everything is possible If it exists for us, we go there with all our rage about ushopes, fears, moral aims, fullures, yearnings, mental powers. Can't exist without the brain? Folly—the brain can't exist without them. We are imperfect here; we leave the world imperfect, and beginning on the other skie, we naturally tend towards what we have left—a strong train of ideas and overmastering feeling cannot be got rid of and-dealy. She dogs my steps—I deserve it. 'Who breaks paya.' I broke a woman's heart and life, and she is wrecking mine. Calista begins to be unhappy. You of course con-sider me beartless, but I cannot bear to see

her suffer. What will be the end of it? I was actually trembling by this time. I remembered Agatha's dying despair and threat: "To his life's end." "As I suffered I fear I had very little solid consolation to offer. All I could advise was that he should

tell his wife. He did not take this advise. not done so. I met Calista out one evening roon after. and was struck by her altered looks. There was a wistful expression, a singlow about her eyes, and, above all, a look in those eyes, once seen never to be mistaken, of mental soffering. They were a little brighter than sunt, and the pupils rather smaller. They held the door upon their secret and yet pleaded that there was no secret behind it. In the face of rumor the had remained stanch, but when her own eyes had witnessed what runor whispered, she could not but believe. Then, silent to the world, aware of her husband's misery of mind, and waiting, in her great patience of love, to hear his confession, she bore the

bravely. This undermised her health, and that is why I say that Maj. Haringfield regretted that he had not straightway taken my ad-

respectful and insulting to the wife for whom be professed so much attachment, exasperated people against him. Calleta began to be a sharer in his bed repute. She was blamed, and she found herself in a cold at-mosphere that was specially trying to her genial sensitive nature. Maj. Haringfield came to talk with me at times when he could came to talk with me at times when he could be refreshed as the desirable of the desirable driven out of his mind had occurred to me.

I said: "There is an alternative, you can
try it. Suppose you go completely away."

"What throw up my appointment? It
would be ruin to all my future. I should

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